

184 cr

Diamond

3
①
LIBRARY
WINTER

NOV 23 1966

University of Toronto

PERIODICALS READING ROOM
(Humanities and Social Sciences)



● Xmas Concert Swings

● Trades Graduates

● Legend of Leopold

● Fiction: "The System"



Diamond

VOL. 16, No. 1 — WINTER 1966

Collin's Bay Penitentiary

EDITORIAL BOARD

HV
8901
D5
1966-67
R. H. A.

Kent Muzylo

Howitt

Bryan Auger

David Aue

Contributing Editor. Lex Schrag,
Toronto Globe and Mail.

Authorized as Second Class Mail,
Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION: \$1.00
Box 190, Kingston, Ontario

NEWS FEATURES

Letter from a Visitor	1
Trades Training Graduates	2
Life in a Halfway House	11
John Howard Defends Ex-Cons	13
Parole Statistics Impressive	14
Xmas Concert Swings	15

GENERAL FEATURES

Around the World	5
Mortgage Manor	7
Diamond Dust (Humor)	9
Quickie Quiz	20
The Legend of Leopold	26
Letters to the Editor	29
Editorial	30

FICTION

The System	21
------------------	----

Letter From a Visitor

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following letter was printed in the Ottawa Journal and was written by one of the visitors who attended the Christmas Family Service. We feel that it tells the story better than anything we could write.*

Sirs—Last Sunday I had the opportunity to attend the Christmas family visit at Collin's Bay Penitentiary (Dec. 11). I shall not likely ever attend another affair during the holiday season which will leave me with such mixed emotions.

As I waited to be admitted to the auditorium, where we were to meet and spend the day with a dear friend who is an inmate, I observed that the visitors, families of other inmates, came from every walk of life. Many were wives and carrying tiny tots to see their daddy likely for the first time

On entering the auditorium I was amazed and dazzled at the decorations. Gav Christmas trees, colored spotlights, Santas, bells poinsettias and streamers arranged most attractively beckoned us to come in.

I later learned that some of the men had worked all night from 10:30 p.m. until 7 a.m. for a week to prepare the auditorium for our coming.

When all were united, we went to church of our faith with our friend. The service was truly one of Christmas and the minister's words, though few in number, were full of meaning for us all. A choir of inmates delivered their anthems in heartwarming voice.

As I sat listening I wondered, "Can these be the voices of criminals?"

The remainder of the day we spent back at the auditorium. We were served a lovely lunch and gallons of hot coffee. For a short period we were entertained by a band which could match and likely surpass many appearances in the Capital over the holidays. These, too, were inmates.

Toward the end of the afternoon large gifts, supplied by the Kingston merchants, were given to the children. To see a small child crawl up on her dad's knee and hug and kiss him before she opened the gift was enough to break my heart.

When we were told we must go I was sad indeed. The day had been wonderful. I knew that from now on the word "criminal" would take on a new and different meaning. Many of these men did what they did because they could find no other way.

I know some of them can never change, but in my mind are two big questions: Why don't we do more to prevent these crimes? Do we treat those who have served their time as fairly and as unprejudiced as we could in order to let the truly good ones have a good chance?



Graduation Day ceremonies in Auditorium-Gymnasium, Collins Bay Penitentiary

79 Graduate Academic and Trade Courses

Seventy-three graduates, the largest number of vocational and academic students to graduate at Collin's Bay, heard H.A. Constable, technical training specialist from the Institute of Technology, tell them that the day of the strong back and weak mind is passed.

The 79 — 53 from vocational courses and 26 academic students — also heard addresses from Warden Fred Smith, Alderman F.R. Graves, City of Kingston; J.C. LaFerrier, director of inmate training, Penitentiary Service; Captain

W.A. Thomas, Dept. of Labour, Industrial Training Branch; J. Rice, special placements, National Employment Service, and D.L. Hornbeck, supervisor of vocational training, Collin's Bay, during the Fall ceremonies.

The graduates, along with the seven who graduated recently from the surveying course, brought the total graduates in one year at Collin's Bay to an all-time high.

Mr. Constable told the graduates and guests that for the first time in Canadian

industrial history a strong back and a weak mind are no longer enough to make a living wage.

He said only one-third of all jobs in Canada are open to the unskilled and that he thought this figure was too high an estimate.

Mr. Constable explained the functions of the Institute of Technology, including the various programs and told the inmates that if they were graduates of secondary school they were eligible for training under the Department of Labour programs.

The graduates included:

Barbers:

Bryan Auger, Jerry Beatty, Tom Cobbet, Jim Hertrich, Ralph Mete, Hugh McCallum, Al Stoutley, Ronald Fred Ziccari.

Brickmasons:

Roger Burke, Stanley Holmes, Al McCoy.

Carpenters:

Tony Carter, George Dixon, Ed Enns, John Thains, Bob Wallace.

Electricians:

Al Armstrong, Dave Aue, Larry Breault, William Brinda, Merrill Cartier, John Csuntal, John Kniff, James Thibert.

Machine Shop:

Marko Belich, Paul Bloomfield, Vincent Caissie, Terry Coyle, Leonard Dufor, Walter Haywood, Lloyd McFadden, John Roberts, Steve Truscott.

Sheetmetal:

Gary MacDonald, Dean McLacklin, Mervin Summerville.

Motor Vehicle Repair:

Farfield Evans, Anthony Grange, Ken Mason, James Oke, Robert Patterson,

Francis Quinn, Allan Steeves.

Welding:

Ronald Brock, Ronald Davis, John Herman, Robert Horan, Ronald Huard, Charles Jackson, William McKey, William Pickard, Robert Potts, Perry Thompson.

Grade 8 graduates:

Robert Dillon, Edward Groves, Vincent Bright, Robert Crawford, Robert Smith, William Pillon, William Opalchuk, Bessel Vandesteeg, Arnold Belec, William Carde.

Queen's and other universities:

Chadwick Campbell, philosophy 2 and psychology 1; Peter Madden, English 2; Eamon Bergin, English 2, German 3, English 7, psychology 6, and politics 2.

Correspondence courses:

Arthur Taylor, introductory math; Ronald Verrette, mechanical drawing; John White, bookkeeping A; Leonard



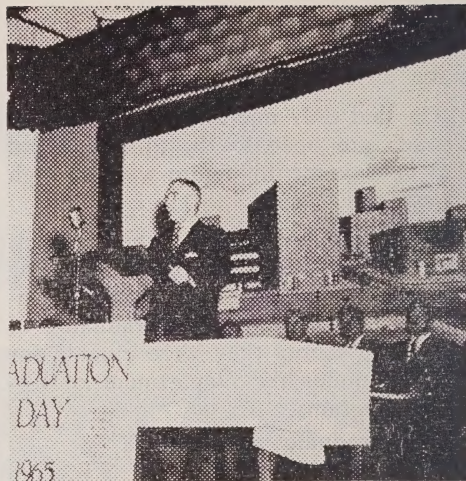
Presentation of Certificates by Director of Inmate Training, Mr. J.C.A. Laferriere

Lee Pancel, English A; George Cooper, math B; Ronald Davis, English B; Anthony Grange, math A; Roy Mitchell, introductory math & Sr. Matric physics; Walter Byers, Sr. Matric German.

Ontario Department of Education:

Ronald Davis, English literature, Grade 11, and English composition, Grade 11; LaFramboise, math, Grade 11; Donald Parkinson, math, Grade 11; English composition, Grade 10, English literature, Grade 10.

Regional Director of Ontario
Mr. V.S.J. Richmond



Vestpocket Burglar Alarm

Latest gadget in the fight against crime is an FM transmitter that can be carried in a pocketbook or briefcase.

In case of attack, the device can be used to send a message to the private monitoring service which informs the police. At the same time, the gadget sounds an audible alarm to frighten away the attacker.

So far, in the U.S. capital some 250 persons are using the new device, including six congressmen. Cost is about \$500.

What's Next ???

Now they've invented a new device that links suspects to small bits of evidence. For example tiny flecks of paint from a jammed door can now be matched to a burglar's clothing. Then similar patterns are projected on a screen to see if the flecks on the burglar match those on the door. This device has already won convictions in Canada and New York. It also linked Lee Oswald to the rifle that killed Kennedy.

Penal Notes From Around The World

Gonsall England: A woman's organization here purchased the old village prison and turned it into a garden for old people commenting that the prison was the only nice building in the entire village. Ah yes Merrie Olde England.

Glasgow, Scotland: Vincent Waters, a shop owner, raised the salary of an employee who was convicted of stealing \$200 from him, saying, "It took all this trouble to call my attention to him. He's a good man and he was making too little money."

Lagos, Nigeria: Inmates of the prisons in this country now are locked in their cells for the night at 9 pm instead of 5 pm. The Federal Prison Director, F.S. Giwa-Osagie says the change was designed "to make the prisoners feel more at home." He must be kidding.

Moscow Russia: Now they're watching for 'hot' recordings. Maybe the Beatles are on that list.

San Francisco California: The Youth Service Administration has hired five former gang leaders to contact and work with a group of juvenile delinquents — an all-out effort to reach the many youngsters who seem unapproachable to regular social workers.

McAlester Oklahoma: The State Pardon and Parole Board has made a rule requiring convicts to prove themselves familiar with the biblical Ten Commandments before winning parole.

The rule specifies that inmates seriously seeking clemency must make a 'sincere effort to know and recite the Ten Commandments'. Must be tough on a Buddhist.

Baltimore Maryland: Graduate students at the University of Maryland School of Social Work are teaching and being taught in the state penitentiary here. A cooperative plan between the Department of Correction and the university allows students and inmates to take part in discussions concerning social adjustment.

London England: Scotland Yard is now using hidden TV cameras in its war against crime. The cameras are concealed in various buildings and trucks and are linked by close circuit to a police station. George Orwell and 1984 are upon us already.

Manila Phillipines: A young female medical student dropped charges she had filed against an intern doctor of forcible abduction — and married him.

Baintree England: A local court has ruled that a car must be 'insured for business purposes if it is used in crime'. Next thing you know they'll be requiring a license.

Honolulu, Hawaii: A convicted burglar complained to the police that someone had stolen his car when he was serving 100 days in jail.

Ludgershall, England: After \$210 worth of lead had been stolen from the roof of their church the congregation held a special prayer for the thief.

Frosinone, Italy: A 66 year-old forger sold all his equipment, including printing materials, for forged passports and banknotes, to a new-found friend who appeared eager to take up the old man's career — but he turned out to be a policeman out to get the old timer.

Santa Ana, California. (AP) — A 21-year-old Anaheim man has been ordered by a superior court judge to wear a plastic tag proclaiming that he is a bad check writer and warning "do not cash my checks".

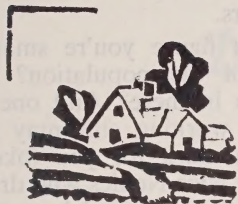
Judge William Murray ordered Ronald J. Fertiga to wear the tag on an outer garment for the next five years whenever he appears in public.

The tag reads:

A warning. Do not cash my checks. I have been convicted of felony check-writing"

Fertiga, who admitted writing \$1,500 in bad checks was sentenced to 100 days in jail and was given a five-year suspended sentence on condition that he wear the tag.

Olfactronics is a fancy word for a new science of smell to enable police to identify each person by a distinct smell. So far, researchers have found that human odors can characterize a person's age, sex, race, diet, health and even a person's area residence. Sounds like a stinky set-up.



Listen, you lugs

Mortgage Manor

by Lex Schrag

"Write," the editor of The Diamond told the churl of Mortgage Manor. "something bright for the magazine. Make it funny, and have it on my desk by the end of next week. I want it for the next issue; gotta have the copy in at least two months in advance."

The churl's reaction to these instructions was: "Go take a flying jump!"

He was a guest at the 1965 Christmas concert. In his book, by comparison with the first Christmas entertainment he had attended at the Bay, it was his opinion that the social tone of the institution has deteriorated in the past five years. The joint doesn't seem to be drawing the same class of guests.

This is only the churl's personal view, of course. The 1965 show was fast and, at times, funny. The master of ceremonies did a slick job — the churl has used one or two of his stories to good effect. Some of the pantomime was very good — almost professional, in fact.

The greater part of the show, though, was rock 'n' roll. The Bay's orchestra is highly proficient. It has never ceased to amaze the churl what some of the boys can get out of an electric guitar. But the thing is, he is fond of music. He can enjoy one or two bits of rock rhythm in an evening. More than that gives him ulcers.

Five years ago, twenty of the boys sang a difficult oratorio: The Last Seven Words of Christ. They had to take the jeers of their fellow inmates. A frantic French-Canadian sweated blood to train them for an Easter concert. Came Xmas and they were singing more melodious music nearly as well as the Don Cos-sacks. They were a really fine chorus and it was a pleasure to listen to them.

Well, the chorus fell apart. It had drawn the attention of some fairly important taxpayers, and was making contacts beyond the walls that could have been formed in no other way, but nobody had the guts to go on with the good work. Rock 'n' roll is a dime a dozen, outside. It takes real music to get public attention.

However, after talking to some of the younger guests at the Bay, the churl concludes they couldn't care less. In the past five years, the new gymnasium has been built. The regulations have been softened up a bit. And it seems to the churl that the more concessions the boarders get, the more apathetic and listless they become.

There was nothing listless or apathetic about the chaps who put on the Christmas show of five years ago up in the old hall of the administration building. They were full of beans and excite-

ment. Most of them were building big plans about what they would do when they got out — and they wanted to stay out!

Now, it's a rare thing at the Bay to hear any of the boys mulling over plans for earning an honest living when he walks out. Too damned many of them seem to be convinced that as soon as they're out, they'll have to go back in the old business and (they have wit enough to realize) they'll be slung back in again.

And this, so help us, when the Warden says more and more industries are willing to accept men who have had trades training in the Bay!

What the hell is wrong with working for a living? Do you lugs imagine this would be an endurable world if **nobody** worked? You like to eat, don't you? Somebody has to grow the grub. You like

a jug, now and then? Booze doesn't run in the rivers.

Maybe you figure you're smarter than the rest of the population? So, how is it you're in there? And one of these days, the working stiff may get tired of being a mark for you jokers, in spite of all the Nice Nellies who drool over the poor, misunderstood boys and girls.

Not so long ago the churl had lunch with a couple of fairly big cogs from the Cop Shop. The churl noted that the current crop of young fry seems to run to size, muscle and a knowledge of karate. He doubted his ability to deal with even one such super-youth, and he advanced the opinion that one of these days fat, breathless, middle-aged types might have to be permitted to carry arms again in order to defend themselves. To his immense astonishment, the coppers agreed.

"I believe attention should be given to revising present policies that automatically rule out ex-prisoners when they apply for a job."

Edward V. Long,
United States Senator

"Imprisonment per se, is perhaps the least effective cure that has ever been devised for almost any social ill . . . True security for the community can be spelled out in two words: Prevention and Rehabilitation.

Anna M. Cross,
Corrections Commissioner,
New York City.

"We need a nationwide reassessment of our prison systems for we must place in them the missing link between the partial rehabilitation results that exist today and the sensational results that exist tomorrow."

Clinton T. Duffy
Former Warden
San Quentin.

Diamond Dust



In explaining his fee, the doctor said: "Don't forget, I made 2 visits to Johnny when he had the measles."

"And don't you forget," said the boy's mother, "Johnny made you a lot of money by giving the measles to the whole fourth grade."

* * * * *

"Those musical horns scare me to death."

"Why?"

"Well, the guy who ran off with my wife had one on his car and everytime I hear one I think he's bringing her back."

* * * * *

The policeman helped the man off the floor of the tavern and asked him if he could describe the man who had knocked him out.

The drunk replied: "That's what I was doing when he hit me."

Sign in a gift shop: "For the man who has everything we suggest a nice calender to remind him when the payments are due."

* * * * *

A Frenchman talking to an American: "You Americans. You are really crazeee! You see a beautiful woman and you whistle. Why give them warning?"

* * * * *

The old Kentucky Colonel was describing his routine to a ladies' garden club. "For breakfast," he proclaimed, "I ask only for a quart of bourbon, a pound of beefsteak, and my ol' hound dog."

"What do you need the hound dog for?" asked an outraged lady.

"The hound dog eats the beefsteak," said the Colonel.

* * * * *

Newspaper headlines: Kate Smith to portray Lolita....Mr. Clean beats up housewife....Dean Martin exposed as teetotaler....Tuesday Weld voted bust actress....Zeke signed as Jolly Green Giant....Kelso to speak at televised sports banquet....Superman stuck in telephone booth....Thousand year old Ballentine brewmaster joins AA....White Tornado wrecks Studio City....New gas puts bunny in tank for short hops.

* * * * *

"My wife is scared to death somebody will steal her clothes."

"Why doesn't she have them insured?"

"Oh, she has a better idea. She has someone stay in the closet and watch them....I found him last night when I came home."

* * * * *

"Your hair needs cutting badly," Zeke commented. "It does not," replied Muzz, seating himself in the chair. "It needs cutting nicely, you cut it badly last time."

* * * * *

In case you're interested: A friend is a guy who has the same enemies you have.

* * * * *

The girl was reading about birth and death statistics. Suddenly she turned to a man sitting near her and said, "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"

"Very interesting," he said. "Have you tried toothpaste?"

* * * * *

They have a new toothpaste on the market now with small particles of food, for people who cannot eat before every brushing.

* * * * *

Angry policeman: "Why didn't you stop when I yelled back there?"

Driver (very cool): "I thought you said, 'Hello Judge.'"

Policeman: "Well, you see, Judge, I was going to warn you about going too fast in the next town."

* * * * *

Something to think about: If you help a man who's in trouble, he'll never forget you—especially the next time he is in trouble.

* * * * *

Teacher: "Jimmy, do you know why Robin Hood robbed the rich?"

Jimmy: "Yes, because the poor had no money."

* * * * *

"Gee, Mom," he complained, "none of the other guys are wearing lipstick."

"Shut up, stupid! We're almost at the draft board."

* * * * *

I'm a Dreamer

I remember the time when I was a child,

That I walked along the shore;

The water was blue and I knew right then,

I'd be there forever more.

The trees were many shades of green

And shades of yellow with blue.

It was early and the morning sun

Was reflecting the dew.

The birds were singing merrily along

As they flew above my head.

I wished I had wings so I could fly along,

With soft, tender grass for a bed.

I would travel to many places afar

And I'd live off the fat of the land.

But then I would worry about being shot down,

By the hands of some gun-happy kid.

—Albert Sinobert, 807

Life in a Halfway House

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article written in form of a letter and intended to describe life at the halfway house of St. Leonard's in Windsor, Ontario, was submitted to the Diamond by Father Libby, director of the halfway house. It is reprinted in the Diamond for its informational material. The letter was written by one of the "guests".

Dear Joe;

Believe it or not, boy, I'm going straight. Call me a square if you like, but it struck me that all those guys that I took for dopes have been driving around in flashy cars, and taking trips with the wife and kids while this big shot has been rotting in the can.

I know what you're thinking, but before you tear this up, let me tell you how it happened. There's this guy, Libby, see, and an outfit called St. Leonard's House—remember that piece I showed you in the paper?—Well, that's the one.

Oh, I suppose you heard about Pete, got drunk his first night out and four days later he's back in again!

Anyway, after I read that story in the Star, I wrote Father Libby in Windsor and asked about going there—as a guest they call it. It seems that he and three others read the applications and decide whether or not you are the kind of guy they can help (at least 24 years old, no place to go, and really interested in trying to make it on the level). You can bet I was surprised when I got a letter back telling me to come on down, I mean, with my record and all. But Father Libby says that it's the bank

robbers, and even murderers, that he figures have the stuff in them to go straight once they set their minds to it. The worse they are, the better he likes them.

I don't mind telling you I was a little leery about coming when it got right down to it. You know, *Saint Leonard's* and *Father Libby*. But don't let that stuff fool you, there's none of that sing-for-your-supper stuff around here. Sure, there's a chapel in the place, but nobody looks down their nose at you if you don't go. It seems this St. Leonard was the patron saint of thieves, race horses and, of all things, pregnant women (a real combo, eh?). A half-way house was a place half-way up a mountain somewhere, where people stopped to rest before finishing the climb to the top.

You know, they're so afraid we'll feel like charity cases that they even charge us two bucks a day board, payable when, and here's the slick part, they've got us a job. This two bucks bit bugged me some at first but one of the guys told me that it costs a bit more than that to put us up here. Later I got a job at Chrysler's and I didn't have to lay a story on anyone to get it, either.

The house itself isn't any great shakes to look at, but at least its someplace to stay and after a while you get the feeling that it's home. There are usually 10 to 15 guys in the two houses, a house manager, and, sometimes, Father Libby or his assistant, Lou Drouillard.

Now, there's a pair for you. I might tell Lou to go to hell and he's likely to say, "What happened? Did your girl drop you?" You know what I mean? I think they might have some idea of what makes me tick, and really give a damn whether or not I beat it. It's really nice to have someone in your corner who knows what the score is. Father Libby is pretty well tied up with crusading up and down the country for more places like this one, but he's around once in a while and you don't put anything over on him, either. Man, he should have a rounder. He cons more people in a day than most pros do in a year.

There are a few restrictions. We're supposed to be in sober, or at least

as nearly so as possible, by 11 on weekdays and by one on weekends. It kind of cramps your style, but I can see the point. There's no booze on the premises; we all pitch in and keep the joint clean and we can bring our gals in to visit in the evenings.

You can stay here from six weeks to three months, or longer if necessary, until you're what Libby calls 'habilitated'.

Well, that's about it. I'm really going to give it the full shot this time. I've got a job that pays pretty good and with everything else around here, I think I might have a chance this time. You know, in three years only three guys out of every 10 who have stayed here have wound up back in some joint. They're kinda proud of that and I would kind of hate to be one of those that messed it up.

Got to run, now. Met this girl at work the other day and she's picking me up in half an hour. Be good.

Louie

Somebody shot ash me, offisher

The director of the Arizona Serological Laboratories says that firing a gun over the cages of penned rabbits made them legally drunk. Dr. Breazeale explains that race drivers, boxers football players, and even a young child riding a ferris wheel could all be proven 'drunk' if a blood test were to be administered at the height of their activities.

The director stated that the blood tests which form the basis for about 75% of all drunk driving prosecutions is entirely without value. Dr. Breazeale's comments were made at a California inquest into the cause of an accident which resulted in the death of a man. The doctor said that while conducting tests with both animals and humans he found that the body's "emergency energy" reacts the same in the alcoholic percentage tests as does alcohol.

John Howard Society

Defends Ex-Convicts

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A few issues ago, the Diamond printed a feature compiled by staff writers from articles printed in the Hamilton Spectator concerning an ex-convict who was denied a plumber's license because of his previous criminal record. At the time when "Ex-Convicts Not Wanted" was printed, the man still had not received his license. As far as we know he still has not, but the Diamond received a letter from the John Howard Society in November stating that they were also concerned about the situation in Hamilton and that they made strong protests, a part of which was the following statement (also see letter in Letters to the Editor section). It was sent to the Spectator, but according to E.K. Glinfort, Executive Secretary of the John Howard Society of Hamilton, it was not printed. Mr. Glinfort also informed us that at least two ex-convicts have been granted licenses in Hamilton since this incident.*

The John Howard Society of Hamilton noted with concern the articles in the Hamilton Spectator regarding the Property and License Committee's refusal to a tradesman with a criminal record.

It was encouraging to see the immediate reaction from the Spectator and the general public to the inference that the Committee had adopted a policy of refusing licenses solely on the basis of a man's criminal record in order to "protect the public."

Such a policy would undoubtedly fail to protect anybody because the only protection of society comes when the ex-inmate changes from a life of crime to become a law-abiding, participating member of the community. It would also be a severe blow to all the efforts made for the rehabilitation of ex-inmates by numerous concerned citizens and public and private agencies, such as the John Howard Society.

Great progress has been made in the correctional field during the past decade and there is no lack of evidence that offenders can and do change when given the opportunity of counselling and a fair chance to work and make an honest living. Furthermore such a policy would invalidate the excellent trade training programs offered in many of our correctional institutions.

When the first article appeared the John Howard Society immediately forwarded a letter strongly protesting if the Licensing Committee was adopting a policy of refusing licenses purely on the basis that the applicant has a criminal record. The chairman offered to discuss the matter with our representative and at the ensuing meeting we were assured that other factors than the criminal record entered into the Committee's decision in this specific case. In fact this was the first ex-inmate the Committee has

turned down. The chairman, Mr. D. Lawrence, stressed that while the committee screens every applicant no blanket discrimination has ever been made, or will be made, against a man with a criminal record. He offered closer co-operation between the Licensing Committee and the John Ho-

ward Society to ensure that rehabilitation efforts be given the fullest consideration in the future. He further assured us that the granting of a heating journeyman's license to this ex-inmate would be reconsidered if and when a change in his personal situation later warranted this.

Parole Statistics Impressive

(From the Ottawa Journal)

Statistics about prisoners usually are joyless but not this one.

The National Parole Board reports that in seven years, less one month, it has granted 14,420 paroles and has had to return only 1,546 of those released. On the average, about 90 percent of the men released on parole completed their period on parole without committing further offences.

The Board took occasion, in releasing that reassuring information, to add:

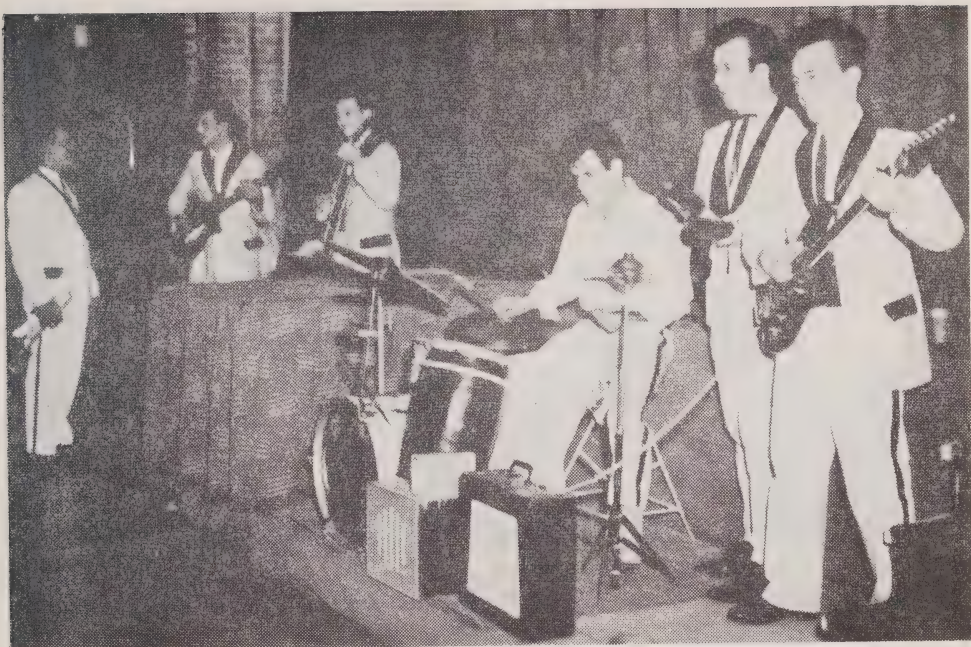
"Men released from federal prisons must serve their time off for good behavior, which is one quarter of their sentence, on parole which means that they are under control for a much longer period than they would be if they were released at the end of their sentences.

"About 95% of all prisoners are released from prison sooner or later anyway, even if they don't get parole. It is obviously more desirable that they should be released under control.

"The parolee under supervision is liable to immediate incarceration in case he violates his parole conditions. Parole also provides for flexible supervision administered in accordance with the needs of the community. This control may be automatically tightened at any sign of danger to the community. Therefore parole provides protection for society."

The parole system has its critics, including those who believe the penal system should be tougher, not gentler. But the evidence that it is working well and that 90 percent of those on parole go straight makes a cheerful note.

In Nashville, Tenn. a husband and wife have been arrested 450 times for intoxication and have spent 25 of 30 years of marriage in prison — must be some kind of world record!



MEMBERS OF THE Concert Band. At far left is Doug Paulette concert director.

Xmas Concert Swings, Says Diamond Reviewer

by S. S. Heath

On the evening of December 8th, a good time was had by all, or at least nearly all, as Doug Paulette presented to Collin's Bay inmates, the annual Christmas Concert. To concert director Paulette, goes this writer's thanks for a job well done. This concert was, in my opinion, one

of the best ever presented in this, or any other institution, that I can remember.

After the band got the evening off to a rousing start with a very lively rendition of "The Bristol Stomp", Mike Cummings took over the microphone and paid tribute to Elvis

Presley and Fats Domino with "Blue Christmas" and "I'm In Love Again" in that order. The first curtain closed and the thunderous applause preceeding it, was echoed time after time all evening.

The day of the "Maltese Falcon" and Johnny Dollar has gradually given way to a more "polished" type of super-hero. Probably none have enjoyed the tremendous success with both bombs and "broads", as has James (007) Bond. Not to be outside, the Collin's Bay Players Society presented their version of a typical scene in the life of the popular sleuth. This time, however, Bond's (played by Andy Toop) attempt to rescue the ravishing Princess Zelda (Zeke Zicari) is almost foiled by the toughest international mob of yeggs ever assembled in a single dingy room. The mob, (Jimmy Newhook, Pete Czupor Vince Bright, Bob McBeth and Randy Collins) are about to give Bond a final ironing, when the Princess breaks her restraining ropes and comes to his rescue. The punch line of this skit was missed by many, who were already in convulsions....



While prop men Johnny Knight and Lauzon were sweeping up the bodies, the band, which incidently did a tremendous job all evening, treated the crowd to a swinging number called "Honky Tonk". So right here, I'd like to tip my lid to these guys and here they are: Drums: "Punchy" Galloway, lead guitar; Jack Knight, base; Jimmy Harris, and accompanying guitarists: Jimmy Reeves and Eddy Groves.

Next, came Mike Subanovich singing "Runaway" and "Personality". Subanovich has all the ease and style of a seasoned trooper and a delivery all of his own. Solid! ! !

During the evening, there were two other solo vocalists whose offerings the house enjoyed thoroughly. Cliff Rozell with a ballad called "Ebony Eyes" and Larry Todd with the ever popular "San Francisco". Both of these guys did a swell job and we'd enjoy seeing them in action again, soon.

There was a Charlie Chaplin skit entitled "The Sneak". Zeke Zicari's portrayal of the immortal Chaplin was both believable and terribly funny. The "heavy" in this skit, hidden be-



MEMBERS OF THE skit group. With their arms around each other are Zeke Ziccari and Bryan Auger. Auger directed the skits.

neath a huge overcoat and plenty of whiskers, was none other than John Roy and he gets my vote as "Best supporting actor of the year". The two young (ladies?) in this act were Larry Walters and Wayne Tool.

About half way through the program we came to the "Hillbilly Jam-boree" featuring the Western Gentlemen. On the cords were Al Labrecque: violin, guitars: George Marks, Lefty Secord, Woody Woodcock, and Chuck Sweet. Mouth organ: Frenchy Par-rault and on the drums, Brent Pullan. Solos by Marks, Secord, Woodcock and Sweet. The "Hoosiers", as they are known locally, were given plenty of encouragement by the audience and when the curtain finally closed, I can't be sure, but I think Pete Mad-den was bawling....

"The Shades". Three guys who put

together a couple of torch songs and not only delivered them in a highly professional style, but did so very well indeed. "Chains" and "Diamonds and Pearls"; two good songs and three good singers. (Merle Cartier - Josh Grosse and Dwight Moran.)

John Prince surprised a lot of people with his two numbers on the elasic guitar. "La Paloma" and "Malaguena", an interlude of true



DOUG PAULETTE, DAVE Aue and Bryan Auger, braintrust of the concert.



Mike Subanovich



Gordie Cameron

beaty. Prince is self-taught and he can feel justifiably proud of an achievement to be envied by all....

Gerry Howitt and Eddy Groves gave an exceptionally fine performance with a couple of folk songs. The songs, "There But For Fortune" and "This

Train", were a sure sign that trends on the "outside" follow us "in". They found fertile soil in four hundred - odd members of the audience who listened with rapt attention. Eddy was slated to do a solo later on in the evening, but a sore throat de-

prived the audience of "The Crowd". Hope we can hear it another time Eddy....

Another group, a trio whom we understand hail originally from the sunny plains of Sicily, were the "Vendettas", (Bugs O'Neil, Zeke Zicari, Brian Oaks). They gave us "500 Miles" and another little number called "So Fine". And as Zeke said when he introduced it, it was FINE!

Needless to say, no concert worth the name would be complete without a few beautiful dolls to decorate the landscape and sure enough, near the end of the show, along came Jimmy Soloman and his Go-Go girls. What Dolls! ! Blondes, redheads, brunettes and all sizes and (ugh) shapes. I mean it, these were the sort of babes you dream about. At

least, the sort I dream about, but then, it has been a long time. And not content to leave the audience drooling, Selly went himself one better and believe it or not, out came the Royal Russian Ballet. These graceful dancers were a thrill to the eye and when the final curtain closed, I can honestly say that there wasn't a dry eye in the house....

The players in the final skits were: Jimmy Newhook, Pete Czupor, Eric Bielby, John Roy, Larry Walters, Andy Toon, Bob McBeth, Randy Collins, Zeke Zicari and if I've missed anyone, God help me. ! !

A tip of the topper to Dave Aue for doing such a swell job as Master of Ceremonies and to all of youse guys who worked so hard. It was a tremendous success and we'll have to go like the devil to touch it next year.

"Bitter, man, bitter," says ex-convict cleared of 30 year old murder charge.

Theodore Marcin who spent 17 years in prison for a murder the State of Illinois says he did not commit, received a \$35,000 check from Governor Otto Kerner.

Now 56-years-old and working as a beer truck driver in Los Angeles, Marcin was convicted in 1935 of shooting a policeman in a Chicago speakeasy. He drew a 99-year sentence. Finally, after 12 years of fighting in courts, Governor Dwight Green, in 1945, pardoned Marcin on the grounds that he was "the victim of one of the most unfortunate miscarriages of justice in history".

The story of this ex-convict's life and of how his widowed mother now dead, worked as a scrubwoman for 11 years in Chicago to save money to finance her son's fight for freedom, was made into a successful movie. "Northside 777". When asked by reporters how he feels today he replied, "Bitter, man, bitter".

QUICKIE QUIZ

History is always an interesting subject for a quiz. The following questions should be obvious to most people who take the time to read a newspaper even occasionally, or have paid any amount of attention in the eighth grade. If you get ten correct, go to the head of the class. If you get at least seven correct, you're doing better than did the schoolteacher, and if you get less than four, you're below average. Get all 12 correct and you cheated, you're ready for a Cabinet post.

1. Who invented the first solid fuel rocket and fired it? In what years?
2. What is the circumference of the earth?
3. Which satellite circles the earth faster, one orbiting 200 miles or one orbiting 100 miles above the earth.
4. When was the last time someone from a Canadian university won the Nobel Prize (any one of the prizes)?
5. What country (through individuals) has won the most Nobel Prizes for physics since 1936?
6. When was the last time Canada won an Olympic hockey championship?
7. How many games has the U.S. lost in Olympic basketball tournaments and how many countries in the world play basketball?
8. Prime Minister Pearson won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1957; how many Americans and how many Russians have won it since 1945?
9. What is the capital of the Yukon Territory?
10. At the first battle of Queenston in the War of 1812, when an American invading party was repelled, who made up most of General Brock's defenders?
11. Louis Riel was executed in what city?
12. What were the troop strength of the Allies (Great Britain, France, Russia, the United States and Nationalist China) during World War II?
13. What were the battle deaths for each of the Allies?
14. What country contributed most of the troops during the Normandy invasion and the conquest of Europe?
15. When the Korean War ended, were the United Nations troops holding North Korean territory or was it a stalemate?

(See page 28 for answers)

FICTION

the system

by
RHA



The darkness was warm and gentle, a breeze wandering in from the desert. The dull yellow pattern the street lights made through the leaves and branches of the trees lining the sidewalk reminded Johnny Paola of sleepy innocent towns in the Midwest and New England. Behind the walls of the very ordinary houses people, no different from those of Kentland, Indiana, and Fall River, Massachusetts, slept. It was 2 a.m.

But Johnny Paola was in no ordinary town, despite similarities. Las Vegas was far from an average American city, and Johnny Paola was waiting in the shadows on no ordinary mission.

As he stood in the doorway, shielded by a large shrub, he listened ex-

pectantly; his heart pounding so hard he could feel it like a weight in his throat. For a half hour he listened attentively, his ears awake to the muttering of night insects and the distant sounds of Fremont Street. And, then, he heard what he had been listening for, the tap-click of an expensive pair of men's shoes on the hard sidewalk. He drew in a deep breath and could feel the muscles bunching up behind his shoulders.

Johnny was ready; poised and tense. But he wished that he was a long way off, preparing to do something quite different than what he planned. God, he thought, how did I ever get myself into this? Why? Why? WHY? He bit his lip and swallowed. He felt the smarting in his eyes and was

afraid for a moment he was going to cry and he didn't care if he did. He was not afraid, thoughts of possible repercussions had not entered his head. He only cursed and resented the cruel and mindless fate that had brought him to this. Only tears would have adequately expressed the resentment and frustration.

Just two days ago he had been so sure of himself. He had worked long and hard on the System. There was no way he could lose. The certainty, the optimism, had been heady, exhilarating. It made him feel drunk.

Marian and the baby. He had brought them—no, dragged them would be more accurate—from the store in Kentland on the strength of that certain confidence. He had sold the store on the same basis. He had needed the money, of course, but it was supposed to be only an investment, a sort of passport. There would be no risk, he had told himself, no chance of failure, of losing the money. He had worked on the System for two years and it was perfect. It was perfect. But the breaks, the lousy breaks. The only thing that could have happened, happened. Some stupid jerk, with more luck than brains, had to make 12 straight passes. What were the odds against that? He couldn't remember exactly, something like 3,000 to 1. Fantastic. But it happened and it was all gone. Almost before he knew it. The whole damned \$13,000 gone!

It might not have been so bad if he had told Marian what he had planned to do. But he wanted to surprise her. He had given her such a rough way to go that he had hoped this would make it up to her. She had expected so much of him and he

had given her so little in return. The store she had inherited from her father, when he died two years ago, had been the only secure thing in her life since she married him four years ago.

She had objected to his selling the store, but he had painted her such a rosy, wonderful picture of how life would be in California that she had finally agreed. She knew he was not happy in Kentland, not content with operating a store—oh, he had made it clear often enough. They would buy another business in California and everything would be all right.

Of course, she had never asked what kind of business they could buy with \$13,000. If she had, he would have been stuck for an answer. But he had expected to have more—a lot more—than \$13,000. With the System, he would easily have been able to double and triple the money.

Gambling. That's what always had been his downfall. He was addicted to it, like an alcoholic to liquor. Ever since he was old enough to roll a pair of dice or shuffle a deck of cards in the back alleys of Gary, Indiana, he had been hooked. He could not remember how many times he'd promised himself that he would stop and really meant it. But, always, he went back again, without really knowing how or why, and at the final moment he would find that he had lost all his money.

Like that time in Anchorage, Alaska, in that card game, when he had already thrown his last cent into the game and then wrote a check to call a raise. It was a sure thing then, too, with four queens. My God, four queens! What were the odds against four queens being topped? But the rotten s. o. b. had to go and lay down four

kings. He didn't believe his eyes when he saw them and his first thought was that they were playing a trick on him. But they were there, staring, smirking at him.

He left Anchorage an hour later, before the winner could get to the bank and find he had been given a phony check.

When he married Marian, he had promised himself again that he would definitely give up gambling. She was the only decent break he had ever had and he did not want to blow it. But the sickness was there, lurking within him. Oh, my God, what is the matter with me? The times he had gone home without his paycheck and they had to borrow from her parents in order to live the rest of the week. And then her father died and they had the store. The poker games in the back room, the profits from the store going out, in the pockets of the other players.

The footsteps were coming closer now. He snapped himself back. Just have to hit him and take the bag and run like hell. He had everything planned. He would double back, through four silent streets, cross Fremont, climb into his car in the parking lot behind the Golden Nugget, and make it back to the motel at the edge of town. They would never catch him.

He felt a sudden stab of pity for the guy coming. But he saw that he was only feeling sorry for himself. That's rich, he thought. Feeling sorry for yourself, you stupid slob.

The click-tap was closer now and suddenly he saw the shadow approaching. The knot in his stomach tightened to an almost unbearable tension.

There. The shadow! In a minute,

he will pass and then.... The tall, thin, smartly dressed man passed a step by him, the leather satchel in his hand.

Johnny moved and he sensed that his movements were jerky, too uncoordinated. The first blow hit the man on the shoulder. He turned and looked at Johnny, a startled, questioning look on his midleagged, handsome face. In panic, Johnny swung again. This time, he felt the resilient contact with the skull, like hitting a baseball perfectly; solid, but with plenty of give. With a short moan, the man slowly collapsed to the sidewalk.

Johnny grabbed at the satchel and was almost yanked off his feet. Stupid. Forgot the chain. Fumbling, the panic growing, he reached in his pocket for the cutters and, after two or three abortive attempts, cut the chain holding the bag to the man's wrist. Then he ran.

Heart pounding crazily, his feet jarring on the sidewalk, the asphalt of the street, the soft lawn and again the sidewalk. He ran, not capable of clear thought, but still following the pattern he had laid out for himself. His fear lent him speed he did not know he possessed and he felt a sudden exaltation in his flight. If only he could run and run and run forever. It felt wonderful, perfect.

Behind, he heard a muffled shout, and then more. Could they have caught up to him already? Frantically, he risked a look over his shoulder. No one. But wasn't that something moving back there? He ran faster.

He looked up just in time to see the bright lights of Fremont approaching. The noise was all around him now, the sound of people enjoying

themselves, without a care in the world. No matter, now he would have to chance it and slow down. He couldn't run across Fremont or every cop in the city would soon be on his tail. He stopped, the perspiration running down his face, down his arm pits. He wiped at his face with his sleeves. He looked back. Empty street. He took a deep breath and crossed Fremont. No shouts. He was away. Free! He wanted to shout.

Five minutes later, he eased the car into the driveway of the motel. The lights in his unit were out. Well, it was almost three in the morning. Marian and the baby would be asleep.

In the darkness of the room, he was careful not to make a sound, moving carefully across the carpet to the bathroom. He closed the door and snapped on the light. From his pockets and his shirt, he drew out the wads of bills and placed them on the floor. He had thrown the satchel out of the car window as he drove back to the motel. He did not take time to count the money. They were mostly 50's and 100's but with quite a few 10's and 20's as well. No way to trace any of them because they were from the casino and all used bills. He felt good. At last, something he had done had worked out right.

He clicked off the light switch and walked in the darkness toward his bed. Suddenly, he felt more tired than he had ever felt in his life. He wondered if he should take time to undress—just fall on the bed.

He saw the beds sitting in the moonlight coming through the window, looking like a couple of islands in a sea of semi-darkness. And they were both empty. EMPTY! Stunned for a second, he could not move. He

snapped the lights on finally and looked around the room, feeling as though he had been dropped suddenly into a dream—a nightmare. The baby's portable bassinet was gone. Marian and the baby were gone. Gone? Gone where? He saw the note.

She said she was going back to Kentland. She had known all along that he had been gambling and she said she had finally decided that she had had enough. She and the baby were going back home. He could have the \$13,000, she wrote, if there was any left. He did not read the rest. He stared at the words, not seeing them. It was as if he had been turned to stone. As a result, he did not see the men come silently into the room.

Two of them came behind him and grabbed him by the shoulders. The other two searched through the room and found the money where he had hidden it.

"Yeah, this is the guy. It's what Nick had with him, 100's 50's, 20's and 10's. And this looks just about right. Fifty-five grand."

Johnny felt himself spinning. Things were happening so fast he could not separate one thing from another. There was only an endless succession of blows and pain so that he could not separate blow from pain or blow from blow. And somewhere in the midst of it all, he kept thinking of Marian and not the money or what they were doing to him.

"All right, punk, we got a lesson to teach you. You don't go heisting dough from our boys and get away with it—not in Vegas, anyway. It's bad for business. We let you get away with it and every punk in the country comes down here and tries

to make us." The man's voice didn't sound angry or vindictive, only reasonable. But Johnny wasn't listening closely.

The fist exploded between his eyes. Then, the kicks came and he was on the floor. Something snapped in his side and there was a sickening pain in his arm and another in his leg and he found he could no longer move either one. The blows rained on him until he thought that's the way it

had been all his life. He lost consciousness after a while.

He was lucky. He had fallen face down on the carpet. Otherwise he would have drowned in his own blood. The maid did not find him until noon the following day. They got him to the hospital while he was still alive, but not much more. The doctor said he would live, but that would not be lucky for him.

Heart of Gold and Bags of Gold

A man with a heart of gold and several bags of \$1 bill in Columbia, South Carolina, cleaned out the city jail by paying \$1,450 to bail out 45 fellow prisoners.

"I just don't like to see people in jail," explained James Braziel, a former Air Force major who stunned policemen at the jail by appearing repeatedly with bags of money to pay off bonds and fines. He virtually cleaned out the cells over a two-day period after he was booked on charges of disorderly conduct and possession of an unlawful weapon.

He figured that 80% of the prisoners will refund the money he laid out for them — but the court clerk differed, saying, "He'll be lucky if he gets 10% of his money back." They were both wrong. He got back almost 95%.

England Swings

Highly organized gangs are winning a hit-and-run war with police in Britain's big cities. London criminals have netted three and a half million haul in daring raids in six weeks. Underworld informants say that at least one raid was linked with the seven million great train robbery of August, 1963.

Some Scotland Yard detectives are reported to believe that part of the train robbery loot — two-thirds of it still missing — was used to mount a three million raid on Carrington's the Royal Jewelers, in November. The suspicion is growing that apart from the usual gangs responsible for protection rackets and other crimes, there is a nucleus of wealthy crooks at the center of the big time lawlessness. This is a new development in British crime.

The Legend of Leopold

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following story is compiled and written from various sources, including the Prison Mirror, Minnesota State Prison, by the Diamond staff.*

Life plus 99 years was the sentence Nathan Leopold received for the brutal slaying of schoolboy Bobby Franks in Chicago some 45 years ago. His partner, Richard Loeb, received the same sentence for his part in the crime.

Newspaper coverage of the case was world-wide, and their trial bordered on the luridly sensational. They were defended and saved from the death penalty by the famed Clarence Darrow, already a great criminal lawyer. It became one of the first trials in American legal history where consideration was given to a plea of temporary insanity. To Darrow, his success meant yet another laurel in an already imposing array; to Loeb, it was to mean little because he would soon die in prison, but to Nathan Leopold, it was to mean a by-path of life down which he would certainly never have traveled under any other circumstances.

In the beginning, many people were extremely indignant that the two "monsters" were to be spared their lives but after a while, the furor died down and most of them self-righteously contented themselves with the knowledge that Loeb and Leopold would rot their lives away, doing "Life plus 99 years".

For all practical purposes, that was the end of the infamous pair, they decided.

In a sense, it was the end; the end of the two "thrill killers". Loeb, as was mentioned above, did in fact die in prison. Leopold died, but only in a sense. He survived himself to become another, a greater man.

Leopold drifted aimlessly during the first ten years of his imprisonment. Arriving there, shortly after his 21st birthday, he boasted of a superb education. He was fluent in ten languages, while he had majored in chemistry and mathematics. But the death blow, dealt at the time of the crime and climaxed at the trial, slowly drained away the life force that made him the young Leopold. It took ten years for that first Leopold to finally die and then slowly resurrect himself.

Prisons in those days were an even surer monument to man's callousness toward his less fortunate fellows than they are today. There was not only the maddening regimentation, the cruel isolation from normal human beings, and the inhuman practice of locking a man in a cage, but also physical conditions that would have beggared those in the worst prisons today. Leopold described

some of these in his book, "Life plus 99 Years".

Paradoxically, it was a priest who led the Jew, Leopold, from the darkness of his soul's death to a new meaning and purpose to life. He began to study again as a result and, in the next couple of decades, he not only picked up where he had left off at the University of Chicago, but also taught other inmates and volunteered several times as a human guinea pig for medical experiments. He added 17 new languages to the 10 he already knew, making a total of 27. He studied medical and biological techniques in the prison hospital. When he was released, at last, in 1958, he suffered from the effects of the many dangerous experiments that he had volunteered for.

But, Leopold didn't come out of prison a bitter or revengeful man. He is free now and is repaying for his crime — the life of Bobby Franks — not with years, but with the considerable mental abilities he was born with, as well as the almost unbounded human compassion he developed in a place where human compassion is seldom known. He has become a man who has not only risen above himself, but also above those who howled for his death and who thought to snuff out his will and life behind concrete and steel.

He lives and works in Puerto Rico, and is presently involved in scientific investigation of the hookworm, the source of serious intestinal illness on the island. He works long hours each day in the small laboratory in Castaner, a tropically lush town near Santurce and San Juan.

Several years ago, shortly after his parole, Leopold met an American widow who ran a flower shop in the American commonwealth island and they were married not long after. This may have been the final step in Nathan Leopold's return to social acceptance and of his reciprocating acceptance. But there is a great deal more. Puerto Ricans talk freely of the American ex-convict and murderer, and may even build him into a legend for his good works on the Caribbean island.

Hollywood plans to make a second movie of Leopold (the first, "Compulsion", dramatized the crime and trial). Movie actor Don Murray will play the part of Leopold.

Murray visited Leopold recently in Puerto Rico and heard the story from the islanders about the young girl who was afraid other children would make fun of her hare-lip. She always covered the lower part of her face with a handkerchief. Then Leopold took her to the small hospital in Castaner and paid for a corrective operation from his own salary.

Another time the ex-Chicagoan helped 24 young Puerto Ricans get through medical school. An instance that combined both his medical skill and his compassion occurred one day when, as he was traveling a deserted jungle road, he came upon a woman lying injured and unconscious. She was bleeding to death from a ruptured uterus, after having given birth prematurely to a baby boy. He packed them on his back, through thick and suffocating jungle, to a hospital after having performed what amounted to a major operation there on the jungle floor.

Maybe Bobby Franks can forgive Nathan Leopold now, and perhaps be even a little proud that his own life was the start of a life the spoiled and twisted Chicago schoolboy who took his life could never have managed under

less painful circumstances. Perhaps, too, those who lusted for Leopold's life, first on the scaffold and later in prison, will admit that the "monster" has become more of a man than any of them could hope to aspire to. —RHA.

Quickie Quiz Answers

1 Dr. Robert Goddard of the U.S. held the first patent on a solid fuel rocket in 1913. The first successful firing of a solid fuel rocket (the forerunner of our present rockets) was made in 1929 at the California Institute of Technology. Von Braun and the German rocket scientists admit that they borrowed heavily from Goddard's earlier research.

2. 24,902.39 miles at the equator.

3. The one 100 miles above earth.

4. 1927

5. Americans, 13

6. Five since 1924.

7. Since 1936, the U.S. have never lost a basketball game in Olympic competition. Almost 70 countries throughout the world play basketball.

8. Six Americans and no Russians.

9. Whitehorse.

10. Indians, led by the great chief Tecumseh. They made up almost 80% of the defenders.

11. Regina.

12. U.S.S.R., 12,500,000; U.S.A., 12,300,000; United Kingdom, 5,120,000; China and France, 5,000,000 each. Canada had a total of 780,000.

13. U.S.S.R., 7,500,000; China, 2,200,000; U.S.A., 291,000; United Kingdom, 244,723; France, 210,671. The U.S. fought a major war in the Pacific and Europe. Canada lost 37,476 in dead. Percentage-wise, Russia lost the most troops, the U.S. the fewest.

14. Two-thirds of the invading forces were U.S. troops.

15. Except at a few points, the UN troops were well within North Korean territory at the signing of the armistice.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor
The Diamond
Dear Sir:

As editor of the Canadian Correctional Chaplains' Association journal, "Renewal", I feel that our readers would be interested to hear from you on the inside or one of your writers how you feel about the work of a chaplain in an institution.

Having subscribed to the Diamond for a number of years I know that you have much talent among your writers and I feel that we in the correctional chaplaincy field would benefit greatly from your candid opinions.

We would appreciate your co-operation in this matter.

Yours truly,
The Rev. J.T.L. James
Editor, Renewal

The Editor
The Diamond
Dear Sir:

I was glancing through one of your C.B. Diamonds and I found it very interesting and amusing. I was not aware that any such publication existed and would very much like to obtain a subscription.

I have enclosed two dollars which I hope will be enough; however, if it is not, please let me know and I will promptly pay the balance.

I do hope there is a regular subscription, and that you have enough copies for one more person.

Yours truly,
Guy Parker
Montreal, Quebec

The Editor
Collin's Bay Diamond

Dear Sir:

In the Summer issue of the Diamond (Vol. 15 #3) is an article entitled "Ex-Convicts Not Wanted", concerning an ex-inmate in Hamilton who was refused a license as a tradesman.

The enclosed copy of a statement (see in another section) sent to the Hamilton Spectator by the John Howard Society of Hamilton (but not printed) outlines the action taken by the Society in this matter. I can add that since this incident at least two tradesmen with criminal records have been granted licenses.

Thought you might be interested.

Yours sincerely,
E.K. Glinfort
Executive Secretary,
John Howard Society
of Hamilton

Mr. Lex Schrag And Christmas Concert

Give a man an unfavorable mention in the newspaper and you can be certain that he will scream long and loud. We at the Bay were no exception in early December when Lex Schrag of Toronto Globe and Mail simultaneously scalped the Christmas Concert and our Christmas spirit. Even now, several months after, the angry rumblings persist. Some even went so far as to suggest that the editor of the Diamond drop Mr. Schrag as our "Toronto correspondent."

Well, the editor was no happier and no less outraged than anyone else and for the briefest span of a fleeting second, he even considered politely handing Mr. Schrag his pink slip. Fortunately, he allowed his injured pride only that split second of sulking. Despite what many here consider to be a 'nasty old man', Mr. Schrag has been one of Collins Bay's most loyal friends and the good he has done has far outweighed the small damage to our pride and image his Christmas article may have caused.

Of course, it wasn't only injured pride and a fractured public image that angered inmates against the article. The fact of the matter is that there were several inaccuracies and Mr. Schrag made the unfortunate mistake of leaving before the show

was over. And had the added misfortune to be conspicuous by his absence. But despite this, Mr. Schrag was innocent of any malicious intent.

First of all, it is a common practice for reporters to leave a show before it is over, especially if they do not care a great deal for it. He stayed through half of it; some of the great critics have been known to leave Broadway performances shortly after the opening curtain. George Nathan, the great New York critic, once penned one of the most biting lines of criticism of a play when he wrote, "The curtain raised at approximately 8 p.m.—and therein lay its first mistake." Mr. Schrag was much kinder. He simply said he did not care for rock 'n roll and slapstick comedy (and there was plenty of that in the Christmas Concert); there are many who do not care for rock'n roll and slapstick comedy and the editor of the Diamond is one of them. He was being honest in his opinion and it happened to hit us where it hurt.

The other criticisms are another matter. There was a remark that local inmates were ungrateful and without Christmas spirit. He said that we did not even bother to thank the firm in Kingston who sent in toys for the children of inmates who were present

at the Christmas Family Service visit. That, of course, was a gross inaccuracy. Most inmates (those who were not at the family service visit—and there were more who were not than who were) were not even aware that gifts had been contributed for the children. But those who were, including the Inmate Committee, were taking steps to express their appreciation at the very moment Mr. Schrag was writing his condemnation. The Inmate Committee has since sent a letter of appreciation to those concerned. We don't know whether they thanked Recreation Supervisor Hub Macey who arranged the toy transaction with a Kingston store, but we will formally thank him now.

As for gratitude beyond a formal expression of thanks, we feel that we have, in the past years, done a great deal for Kingston service clubs like the Rotary (who contributed candy for the children) without expectation of expressions of gratitude from them. To begin with, inmates have, for the past several years, typed and stuffed over 20,000 mailers each year for the annual Easter Seal campaign, constructed floats for organizations in the Christmas parade and the Winter Carnival, and performed miscellaneous chores which we are sure have helped in furthering various charitable campaigns. The Red Cross has said on several occasions that Collin's Bay has always been considered a prime source in the area for blood donations. It is rather embarrassing that it should be necessary to mention these things, because we have always done them in the hope that we were helping those even less fortunate than we, without consideration of thanks.

Granted, inmates are not prone to

rush about wishing everyone and each other a Merry Christmas. Damp stone walls and cold steel bars are not exactly conducive to sparking the spirit of Christmas in our hearts.

We are as human as the average citizen, magistrate or policeman and therefore are not prone to turning the other cheek or clapping on the back those whom we feel have done us an injury. It is unfortunate, of course, and we are not proud of it anymore than is the world which threatens to turn us all into animals. We at least don't hold a grudge against innocent children who may someday grow up to become adults who will say that all inmates of prisons are ungrateful wretches without Christmas spirit. We have proven in the past that most of us do not condemn before the injury is done.

Yet, all this cannot be laid at Mr. Schrag's doorstep. He had no way of knowing about the Christmas gifts or the candy. Someone had to tell him, or to color his view. He was merely being a reporter and writing a story and expressing an opinion he received from another source. If the source was somewhat inaccurate, we cannot really hold him to account.

The tendency among inmates, as with the average person on the "outside", is to expect only good publicity. But the trouble here is that only good news is apt to become suspicious after awhile. A mixture of bad publicity with the good has a tendency to add creditability to the good.

We said earlier that Mr. Schrag has been responsible for much good, good far exceeding the small amount of unfavorable publicity we received at Christmas.

During the three years we have known him, he has been a regular contributor to the Diamond with his wit and impishly sane approach to subjects which are frequently emotionally charged in here.

He has written very, very many favorable articles in the Globe and Mail specifically referring to Collin's Bay; he has, on his own time, arranged for chess matches with Toronto people and the inmates at the Bay; he has contributed books—particularly the science fiction pocket books so many have enjoyed over the past year (our only source of pocket books, by the way), and, oh, the list could go on, but most important, he has helped many inmates who were released from the Bay and who have gone to see him.

He has been criticized here for his "square" outlook. All right, so his outlook is "square." Why shouldn't it be. He is a "square." But, yet, despite his "square" approach, he has had an abiding interest in penal reform and in aiding inmates and ex-inmates. If penal conditions are to be improved, these are the men and women who will have to be converted, who will have to take the interest. The opinions of "rounders" expressed in the newspapers may be comforting, but they do little to help because "squares" listen only to other "squares". They become suspicious of any-

one who claims inmates are all sugar and spice and everything nice. Mr. Schrag is honest in what he writes—honest in the sense that he says what he thinks—he may not always be right, as in the Christmas spirit and gratitude piece, and we may not always agree with what he says, but when he does write something that is favorable, it has all the more weight. It is infinitely more valuable than a piece written by someone who is obviously all for inmates and will not write anything derogatory about them.

No, for at least the next year, Lex Schrag will be a welcome contributor to the Diamond and the Diamond will be happy to have him. We hope that he will say nice things about us, but if he doesn't, he's still welcome. The fact of the matter is that he has been all too happy to write nice things about us in the past, whenever they seemed warranted. Perhaps we ought to make it a point to make certain that he has the story straight in the future. A reporter can only write from the information he has on hand. He does not have the license of the fiction writer. If anyone disagrees with what he says in one of his Mortgage Manor columns in the Diamond, write him a letter, either to him or to the Diamond. He has often said he welcomes letters from any and all inmates. What could be fairer?

"We stand on the threshold of a new kind of corrections, a kind such as we have never known before. World opinion is far ahead of us. The world is ready and I, for one, am convinced we are ready. We, in the field of corrections, are now in a time of which we had all dreamed, but which we thought would never come to pass."

Myrl E. Alexander,
Director, U.S. Federal Bureau of Prisons.